

Troilus and
Criseyde.
Liber V.

¶ And certes, yow ne haten shal I never,
And freendes love, that shal ye han of me,
And my good word, al mighte I liven ever.
And, trewely, I wolde sory be
for to seen yow in any adversitee.
And gylteles, I woot wel, I yow leve;
But al shal passe; and thus take I my leve.

¶ But trewely, how longe it was bitwene,
That she forsook him for this Diomedes,
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.
Take every man now to his bokes hede;
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.
for though that he bigan to wove hir sone,
Er he hir wan, yet was ther more to done.

Ne me ne list this sely womman chyd
ferther than the story wol devyse.
Hir name, alas! is publisshed so wyde,
That for hir gilt it oughte ynow suffyse.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
for she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
Ywis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe.

This Troilus, as I biforn have told,
Thus dryveth forth, as wel as he hath might.
But often was his herte hoot and cold,
And namely, that ilke nyght the night,
Which on the morwe she hadde him byhight
To come ayein: God wot, ful litel reste
Hadde he that night; nothing to slepe him leste.

The laurer-crowned Phebus, with his hete,
Gan, in his course ay upward as he wente,
To warmen of the est see the waves wete;
And Nisus doughter song with fresh entente,
Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente;
And on the walles of the toun they pleyde,
To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

Til it was noon, they stoden for to see
Who that ther come; and every maner wight,
That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,
Til that they coude knowen him aright.
Now was his herte dul, now was it light;
And thus byjaped stonden for to stare
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde:
for ought I wot, bifor noon, sikerly,
Into this toun ne comth nought here Criseyde.
She hath ynow to done, hardily,
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I;
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne
Er that she go; God yewe his herte pyne!

¶ Pandare answerde: It may wel be, certeyn;
And forthy lat us dyne, I thee biseche;
And after noon than mayst thou come ayein.
¶ And hoom they go, withoute more speche;
And comen ayein, but longe may they seche
Er that they finde that they after cape;
fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.

546

Quod Troilus: I see wel now, that she
Is taried with hir olde fader so,
That er she come, it wol neigh even be.
Com forth, I wol unto the yate go.
Thise portours been unkonninge evermo;
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate
As nought ne were, although she come late.

¶ The day goth faste, and after that comth eve,
And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by greve,
And fer his heed over the wal he leyde.
And at the laste he torned him, and seyde:
By God, I woot hir mening now, Pandare!
Almost, ywis, al newe was my care.

Now douteles, this lady can hir good;
I woot, she meneth ryden prively.
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood!
She wol not maken peple nyce.
Gaure on hir, whan she comth; but softely
By nighte into the toun she thenketh ryde.
And, dere brother, thenk not longe to abyde.

We han nought elles for to don, ywis.
And Pandarus, now woltow trowen me?
Have here my trouthe, I see hir! yond she is.
Heve up thyn eyen, man! maystow not see?
¶ Pandare answerde: Nay, so mote I thee!
Al wrong, by God; what seystow, man, wher art?
That I see yond nis but a fare/cart.

¶ Allas, thou seist right sooth, quod Troilus;
But hardely, it is not al for nought
That in myn herte I now rejoyse thus.
It is ayein som good I have a thought,
Noot I not how, but sin that I was wrought,
Ne felte I swich a confort, dar I seye;
She comth tonight, my lyf, that dorste I leve!

¶ Pandare answerde: It may be wel, ynough;
And held with him of al that ever he seyde;
But in his herte he thoughte, and softe lough,
And to himself ful sobrely he seyde:
from hasel/wode, ther joly Robin pleyde,
Shal come al that that thou abydest here;
Ye, farewell al the snow of ferne yere!

¶ The wardein of the yates gan to calle
The folk which that withoute the yates were,
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,
Or al the night they moste bleven there.
And fer within the night, with many a tere,
This Troilus gan hoomward for to ryde;
for wel he seeth it helpeth nought tabyde.

But natheles, he gladded him in this;
He thoughte he misaccounted hadde his day,
And seyde: I understonde have alamis.
for thilke night I last Criseyde say,
She seyde: I shal ben here, if that I may,
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete!
The Lyon passe, out of this Ariete.

for which she may yet holde al hir biheste.
¶ And on the morwe unto the yate he wente,
And up and down, by west and eek by este,
Upon the walles made he many a wente.
But al for nought; his hope alwey him blente;
for which at night, in sorwe and sykes sore
he wente him hoom, withouten any more.

This hope al clene out of his herte fledde,
he nath wheron now lenger for to honge;
But for the peyne him thoughte his herte bledde,
So were his throwes sharpe and wonder stronge.
But whan he saugh that she abood so longe,
he miste what he juggen of it mighte,
sin she bath broken that she him bihighte.

The thridd, ferthe, fifte, sixte day
After tho dayes ten, of which I tolde,
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,
Yet somewhat trustinge on hir hestes olde.
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme holde,
he can now seen non other remedye,
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

Therwith the wilked spirit, God us blesse,
Which that men clepeth wode jalouslye,
Gan in him crepe, in al this hevynesse;
for which, bycause he wolde sone dye,
he ne eet ne dronk, for his malencolye,
And eek from every compagne he fledde;
This was the lyf that al the tyme he ledde.

he so defet was, that no maner man
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he wente;
So was he lene, and therto pale and wan,
And feble, that he walketh by potente;
And with his ire he thus himselfen shente.
And whoso axed him wherof him smerte,
he seyde, his harm was al aboute his herte.

Pryam ful ofte, and eek his moder dere,
his bretheren and his sustren gonne him freyne
Why he so sorwful was in al his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his peyne?
But al for nought; he nolde his cause pleyne,
But seyde, he felte a grevous maladye
Aboute his herte, and fayne he wolde dye.

So on a day he leyde him down to slepe,
And so bifel that in his sleep him thoughte,
That in a forest faste he welk to wepe
for love of hir that him thise peynes wroughte;
And up and down as he the forest soughte,
he mette he gaugh a boor with tuskes grete,
That sleep ayein the brighte sonnes hete.

And by this boor, faste in his armes folde,
Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde:
for sorwe of which, whan he it gan biholde,
And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyde;
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and seyde:
O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and rote!
Inam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

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